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NO LONGER FEAR THE YEARS

Women as a Class Are Now Putting the Age-Old, Silly Conventions Behind Them.

Perhaps women who are not at all sensitive about their age are still in a minority. But their number is growing. In almost any gathering where women chatter pleasantly and with some intimacy about things which interest them you find at least one woman who cheerfully admits that she is not thirty-five, but forty-five, or that it is a very long time since she was thirty.

One of the tragic conventions which have helped to wreck women's lives is this stupid tradition that at any given age a woman gets old. Years ago most women celebrated their thirtieth birthdays with a sense of depression. With greater common sense, women at last began to see that even after thirty they might enjoy life, and that the games and amusements and joys which are possible at twenty are no less possible at forty.

Today there lingers this ancient superstition that if you have reached a certain age you must not admit the fact. But it will not endure long. Now that we hear of a woman of ninety playing really remarkable golf, of women past fifty banding themselves together in chivalrous fashion as golfing veterans, of women of every and any age enjoying life, it will become unfashionable to conceal woman's age.—London Mail.

Canadian Trees for Egypt.

Egypt has just placed one of the largest orders for manufactured lumber ever secured by British Columbia. Cablegrams have been received by Vancouver banks confirming the purchase of 24,000,000 feet of railway ties which was placed by an Alexandria firm, acting as agent for the government of Egypt. One-third of the order will be rushed forward by two special steamers of the Canadian government.

She Was Sensitive.

"How did Miss Thynne happen to leave your organization?"
"Why, last winter we girls went on strike and when we asked Miss Thynne to act as a picket she—er—took a fence, so to speak."—Boston Transcript.

"Cold in the Head"

Is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Those subject to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will build up the System, cleanse the Blood and render them less liable to colds. Repeated attacks of Acute Catarrh may lead to Chronic Catarrh.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System, thus reducing the inflammation and restoring normal conditions. All druggists. Circulars free.
F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

For Sale for \$1,000

By R. RAY BAKER.

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It was no great surprise to be turned down by Christine Wenslow, but it was a bitter disappointment.

Frankly Casper Hopkins had admitted repeatedly to himself that there was no reason why the most beautiful girl in Waterford should look on him with favor. There were handsome suitors who hovered about her threshold, and when the good looks had been distributed Casper must have been absent, for he was a very plain-looking young man. There were athletes who aspired to her hand, and in physical dimensions and strength, Casper made a poor showing, for he was a rather runty-looking specimen of manhood. There were rich men's sons who wooed the fair maiden, and here again Casper did not shine, for his future was wrapped up in a shoe store in which he expected to buy an interest some time soon.

But he had hoped against hope, and now his heart was broken. Having received the fatal answer, he turned from Christine and slowly, with eyes downcast, approached the door of her home, which he vowed he never would darken again once he stepped out into the dark world. "Casper."

Her voice arrested him as he was turning the knob. Christine sat on a davenport, in a dejected posture, looking at him with lack-luster eyes.

"Will you come here, Casper?" she said. "I will explain some things to you. I intended keeping it from you, but I feel it is due you. You have been very nice to me."

He sat on the davenport beside her. "I will not mince words," she told him, speaking rapidly. "The fact is, Casper, I am about to offer myself for sale."

"You—you—" Casper stuttered, unable to believe his ears.

"I am about to offer myself for sale," she repeated. "Casper, I do not wish to appear conceited, but there are several young men who wish me to marry them, and I shall accept one—for one thousand dollars cash. I need the money. Father, you know, is in the hospital, and the only thing that will save his life is an operation that will cost the amount I have mentioned. It will not be the first time such a plan has been used. I read in the newspapers recently about a New York girl who made a similar offer, with a similar purpose in view, and that gave me the idea. The only assets we have are some worthless mining stock, this home which father has always lived in, and—me. I am going to sell myself. Goodbye."

Casper went out, walking in a trance of misery. It was Sunday, and his services were not required at the shoe store where he was employed; so he set out for a long walk in the woods. He scarcely knew where he wandered, his thoughts were so busy. His dream was shattered, his heart broken, and he cared little what happened. To think of the girl he worshiped becoming the bride of a man she did not love—for one thousand dollars!

By the time Casper had walked three hours there was a different light in his eyes, expressive of a combination of determination and desperation. With hurried steps he made his way to the house where he roomed and boarded. From a drawer of his dresser he brought a bank book, which he opened. Seated on the edge of the bed, he stared at an array of figures, smiling grimly.

"She's going to sell herself for a thousand dollars," he mused. "Very well, I will buy her myself. I love her, and I have just as much right to her as any of those rich men."

Tears threatened in Casper's eyes. It had taken him three years to save that thousand, and a great deal of pinching and scraping. He had in mind the purchase of an interest in the shoe store where he worked, and he had put off asking Christine to marry him until he had accumulated the necessary amount to go into business. Now, if he married Christine according to her own terms, it would mean starting all over again. But Casper's mind was made up. He wanted Christine, even if he had to buy her.

But Casper felt he would be unequal to the task of appearing in person to bid for Christine. So the next morning, before he went to work, he penned a brief note. He carried this to work with him, and when the bank was opened he drew out his funds and immediately transferred them to a checking account. Then he wrote a check for a thousand dollars and inclosed it with the note. He had exactly \$75 left to his credit in the bank.

With a peculiar feeling, something like guilt, Casper dropped the note in a mail box and returned to his labors. That very night he received an answer from Christine, and in the envelope with the short epistle was his check. "Dear Casper," ran the missive. "I am returning your check for I cannot accept your offer. You must see that it is impossible for me to marry you. We never could be happy after such an arrangement. A man could not love a wife he bought, and she would be miserable. I do not expect to be happy, but there is no reason why you

Happy Hours for the Absent One



Scattered through the cities and states are hundreds of former residents of this community whose hearts are still with us. Their interests and their homes are in the far-away spot, but the fond recollections are of Farmington and St. Francois county.

Does mother, does father live in the next state, or the next, or perhaps away out there on the Pacific coast? What so easy for them to meet with the friends of old—the folks they know best and love most—as to take

The Times regularly? Not a copy now and then, but a welcome visitor every week? In your next letter, give them the benefit of this suggestion; or, if you like, send in a subscription for them as a pre-Thanksgiving gift.

Is Bill, or Joe, or Mildred off there in the crowded city where everyone is for himself and old Nick take the hindmost? This paper from home REGULARLY EVERY WEEK will be a friend to him or her. It will call to his mind the fireplace, the scenes of people and joys of childhood, the bet-

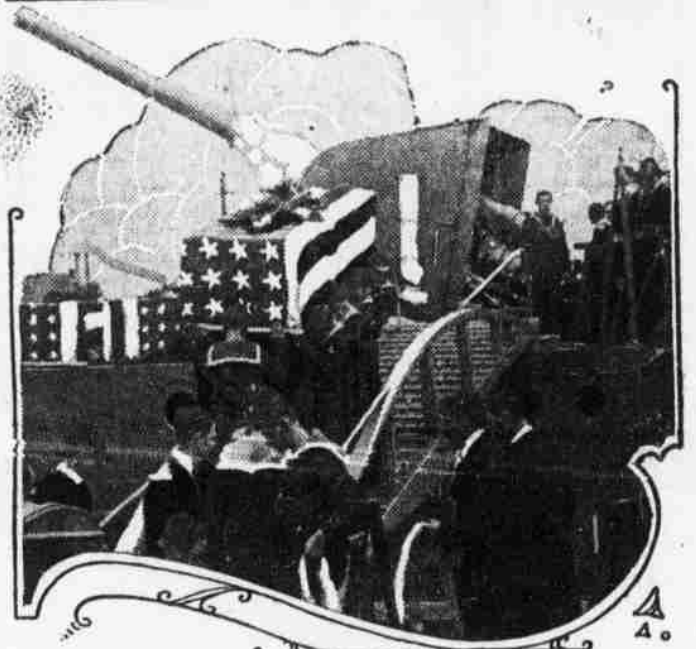
ter things of life. No young man or young woman in the city will go far wrong who is a regular reader of the news from the home community.

Come in and subscribe for the men and women and the boys and girls who have gone away from us, only temporarily, we hope.

If you cannot subscribe; if you think they would rather subscribe themselves, send them a copy of this paper with this editorial marked.

Or send us their names and we will take care of it for you.

AMERICA'S AIRSHIP DEAD ARRIVE



Scene when the sailors began to take the coffins from aboard the British cruiser "Dauntless" containing the bodies of the Americans who lost their lives in the ZR-2 catastrophe in England.

Song of Courage

Oh, do not whimper, Little Man, but bear your hurts the best you can,
Take every little bump and bruise and set your teeth and grin;
The simplest game grows rough at times, and falls await the boy who climbs;
The field of youth is strewn with pits for lads to stumble in.

Life, from the cradle to the grave, calls constantly to all "be brave,"
From day to day are little hurts the youngsters have to bear,
And ever since this world began, both pain and grief have tested man,
And none has ever lived for long who did not meet his share.

Some day when you shall older grow, the fates will deal a sterner blow,
The hurts will deeper sink than those which scar your little knee;
These cuts and bruises quickly heal, but Time brings pain you'll always feel,
And by and by your heart, My Lad, will often heavy be.

So, play the game and be a man, and bear your hurts the best you can;
Stand up and set your teeth and grin and take what comes to you,
Be brave and true and unafraid; 'tis out of pain the man is made;
He only is the victor here who sees his trials through.

—Edgar A. Guest.

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